

T-Bone

"Welcome To California"

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Hook (repeat 2x)

Welcome to the golden state
West Coast California where tha 1 time hate
Bloods, crisps, ese's quick to regulate
Lowride and hit switches till the bumper brake

Verse I

I'm leanin' back in my Cheve Impala hittin' tha curb
Swooping up al the hommie's see my doggs so I
swerve
To the left on 3 wheels
Y'all know the deal
Got tha spikes wit' tha chrome grill
That's how we do it
Hittin' switches on a day 2 day
From Compton, Carson, Inglewood,
Down to tha Dirty Bay
Ridin' tha Call way
Dippin' initiation sparks on tha interstate
Music blastin' & California written on tha license plate
I love tha Golden State
Sunny sky's and tha palm trees
Beaches and lowriders
Singing songs like tha Eastsiders
Sayin' What, What?
Straight outta tha land of the unforgotten
Hommie's in prison
Wishing they ain't had 3 strikes
But this Cali thug way of livin' got em' 25 to life
It's rags and bandannas, Chuck Taylors, Dickies and
Thug Grammar
G's full of they evil ways like Santana

Verse II

From Long Beach down to West Convina
Inglewood, Riverside, Palm Springs
Hollywood down to Pasadena
Frisco, Oakland down to tha Marina
Sactown, San Jo back to Catalina

Ya gotta love it y'all,
Tha sunny weather no sweater or leather
Just mink brims and a pimp feather
The land of super stars and nice cars
Wit' shrome tires and bad traffic back up for miles
But we, still rollin' till tha wheels fall off, gotta floss
In tha Benz or Escalade
No need to playa hate
This Killa Cali where gangstas rally and tally
The murders, in streets or alleys
From the projects to the valley
Chuck Taylors, khaki suits, skip the wind breakers
This California home of the 3 times champ Lakers

Verse III

I'm from tha land of drive-by's and automatics
Thug lords, bood and crip ryders and drug addicts with
bad habits
Charismatic wi't automatics and bandits
Holding these cannons it's scandalous how they be
dumpin' till tha
Last man standin'
They's why, gotta get to preachin' while they still alive
Cuz tomorrow not promised specially where them
hollow points fly
It's do or die in tha Golden State
Most ryders regulate off of tha smallest things
Like red or blue colors
Then catch a case
It's California though
I love it like tha rydas do
Poppin' our collas, dippin' in Impalas
Dogg I'm stayin true, T throw up the "W"
This here's that anthem, for every ghetto, projects,
neighborhood and street
Alley, where gunz be clappin'
Where thy packin' a mack or magnum, braggin'
How they be jackin' attackin', smackin'
Taken action just to get reaction, C-A-L-I-F-O-R-N-I-A
Welcome to Frisco, Sacramento, and tha streets of LA

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